

Mama bear by fiddlesticks

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, El, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Reader, Steve Harrington, Will Byers, henderson reader

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-11-20

Updated: 2018-11-20

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:02:55

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 738

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After the gate is closed y/n, Dustin's older sister refuses to let Steve go home to an empty house because of his injuries. I think I might do a little continuation for this.

Warning: oh my golly my first ever swear warning. Not even sure if its classed as a swear but I'm warning anyway.

Mama bear

A large yawn escaped your lips, hiding it behind your hand, as you tried not to jostle your brother too much while he leaned fast asleep against your side, having crashed out shortly after you Steve and the party had arrived back at the Byers's, waiting for news from the others.

Both Lucas and Max's eyes were drooping as they were trying to talk quietly from their position on the sofa, while Mike paced the length of the living room, muttering to himself, as everyone had long since stopped listening to him. Steve sat perched on the arm of the armchair which you and Dustin were squished in, letting him keep an eye on everybody and giving him a good view out of the window. If you weren't quite so exhausted you might have felt your cheeks grow warm at his closeness, but as it was you were just about managing to keep your head up.

Steve gave you a slight nudge just as your head was starting to loll onto your brothers nest of soft curls. The sight of the headlights gave you a sudden burst of energy. Relief rushed through you as soon as you set eyes on Will, looking exhausted, but more himself than he had been in weeks, propped up between Joyce and Jonathan. He now lay on the sofa, sleeping soundly, against his mother's chest, as she stroked her fingers through his dark hair, a contented smile gracing her face, as she finally allowed herself to rest.

You were struggling to keep your own eyes open now, resting your head on top of Dustin's curly mop of hair. Deciding you would just rest them for a moment, Steve gave your shoulder a gentle squeeze, as headlights flooded through the window of the Byers's home, he sent you a gentle smile, his doe eyes just as drowsy as your own. A few minutes later Hopper and El stumble through the front door, Mike all but leapt on the girl, wrapping her up in his arms, and offering a damp cloth for her nose, which he had been worrying between his fingers since you had gotten back. Hopper gave Joyce a

rare tired smile, the type that he seemed to save just for her.

Once you had all been brought back up to date, on what had happened with everybody, Steve offered to take you and Dustin home, as it was on the way to his, while Nancy would take Max, Lucas and Mike home in Billy's car.

"Steve you can't drive in the state you're in, you could have a concussion. Are your parents even home?" you asked concern filling your voice, as you found yourself slipping back into mama bear mode. You caught Steve give Dustin a slightly wary look, your brother simply smirked back at him, before hopping into the back of the burgundy BMW. with a slight sigh Steve tossed the keys your way, letting out a snort of laughter as you fumbled to catch them, before getting into the car himself.

As the car warmed up and began to fill with Dustin's soft snoring, from the corner of your eye you noticed Steve's admiring gaze on you, 'who knew you were so badass Henderson?' you glanced over to him, taking note of his slight smile, you quickly set your eyes back on the road feeling the heat rise in your cheeks, 'you're definitely concussed' you laughed as he shuffled in his seat, 'no, well maybe, but I'm serious, if you weren't there. I. I don't know what would've happened' he murmured. You couldn't quite believe it, you must be going loopy from exhaustion, Steve Harrington, the Steve Harrington stumbling over his words.

You seemed to drive the rest of the way on autopilot, your heart doing its damndest to thump right out of your chest, Steve's thoughtful soft gaze only leaving you to check on Dustin or where you were.

As you pulled into the drive, and turned off the engine, you heard Dustin murmur 'what happened to not caring Harrington?' you could hear the smirk in his voice, that is until Steve reached back and gave a light smack to the side of his head, 'shut up Henderson'.

Have a great day and be safe

I also have a tumblr, you can find me at <http://fiddlesticksimagines.tumblr.com/i> write imagines, confessions, shorter fics, head cannons and preferences .